

Bedtime Stories

Shinji/Akihiko

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Kapitel 1: Don't Grieve For Me

Don't Grieve For Me

Akihiko couldn't sleep. Not with that coughing and relentless rustling of sheet in the room next to his. Not with the fear and worry for his friend. And not with the raging fury inside his chest. Shinji took those pills, he knew it. They made him sick. He just wanted to know what else they would do to him.

He simply couldn't stand it anymore. How many nights he'd endured this; he'd lost count of it.

Akihiko slid the covers off his body and got up from his bed. Shivering because of the chilly night air, he snuck out of his room and to the door next to his, careful not to wake anyone up. Not bothering to knock, he opened the door to Shinji's room. Walking inside he caught the gaze of a fierce pair of eyes.

"You...!" Shinji sat half upright in his bed, looking incredibly angry and incredibly tired.

"What the hell are you doin' inside my room, idiot?"

Akihiko ignored that comment, it had always been their way to deal with each other.

"I want you to explain."

"Tch..." was all Akihiko got as an answer. For once he wished Shinji wasn't so stubborn, that he would simply answer him like he did in the past. He hated the impassable space that was between them, the feeling that, if he made just one step toward his friend, he would cross a line that should not be crossed.

"You won't tell me what this will result in?"

Silence.

"So you want me to believe that all the side effects of those damn pills are coughing and the inability to sleep?", he accused.

"Tch, whatever."

The rage was back. The same burning feeling Akihiko had when he was lying in his bed thinking about Shinji.

Why wouldn't Shinji tell him? He could beg, plead, accuse, threaten, he just wouldn't tell him. Was being friends not enough to let him know?

"Why don't you tell me, Shinji?", he asked, angry, disappointed by Shinji's lack of trust.

"Shinji!" Shinji broke into another coughing fit. That was enough for Akihiko. He stormed over to his bed and let himself fall down next to him. As Shinji had stopped coughing, Akihiko looked at him for a moment. Then he aimed and landed a clear

punch at the other's jaw.

Shinji moaned and rubbed the spot where he'd been hit.

"You fucking little bastard...!"

"I want to know what those pills are going to do to you. Tell me!"

"Tch, why should you want to know?"

"Because... because I'm worried about you.", Akihiko admitted half annoyed half insecure.

"I that so.... And why should you be fucking worrying about me?", asked Shinji, now clearly angry.

Seeing the fierce look in the other's eyes made Akihiko furious. He didn't know where that fire inside his chest was coming from and what those other feelings were doing there. He really didn't want to know. The disappointment, pain and sadness began to bite little pieces off his heart.

So Shinji wanted to know why he was so concerned? He would give him his answer.

"Because you're my friend.", he stated truthfully. Right after he said it, he began to doubt his own statement as he felt guilt take another bite into his heart.

"So that's because we are friends, huh?", Shinjiro said, sounding as if he'd hoped for a different answer.

"Dammit Aki!", Shinji shouted, grabbing Akihiko by the shoulders and slamming him into the mattress. Pinned down Akihiko looked up, irritated and not knowing why his damn heart had gone wild.

"Stop fucking around! You seriously want to tell me that you snuck into my room at night just wearing a pair of bloody boxers, sit next to me on my bed just to ask what's happening to me, because we're friends?", Shinjiro exclaimed, exasperated.

Akihiko felt his heart clench painfully during his friend's speech. Bits of realization of what Shinji's point was began to trickle into his brain, but he didn't allow himself to think them.

"Damn... I... What are you doing, Shinji? Let me go!"

The glowering stare from his opponent seemed to press Akihiko even further down. As he lay there, he began to look at Shinji for the first time since very long. He realized how thin his friend had become. His collarbone was jutting out from under his loose t-shirt, every muscle at his neck visible. The hair was messy and uncut and he had a bruise at his chin where Akihiko had beaten him earlier. Nonetheless he looked strangely appealing to Akihiko. Just the dangerous glower in his eyes made him flinch.

"You what?", Shinji asked because of his friend's stammering.

Akihiko didn't answer, he didn't know himself what he was going to say.

"You know what?", Shinji sighed after a minute of silence. "I don't give a shit about how you feel!"

He was near to shouting again.

Akihiko wanted to retort something, make Shinji take back that statement, but he was silenced.

Quickly. Forcefully.

Shinjiro had leaned down, suddenly kissing him on the lips. Akihiko was so surprised he couldn't do anything but stare from wide-open eyes. He let it happen, let his mouth being ravaged by his "friend."

Shinji broke away, sighing. He licked his lips once and bent down again.

Akihiko felt like his heart was suddenly released from all the bad feelings biting and nagging at it. He rather felt it jump with desire and anticipation.

When they kissed this time, Akihiko closed his eyes and leaned into the kiss, even

though he had problems to keep up with Shinji's pace. There was no sweetness or gentleness in the way his lips moved, there was only pure desire and lust.

Akihiko wanted to grab Shinji, to hold onto him, but he couldn't move his arms, because he was still pinned to the mattress.

As they broke away once more, Akihiko had the opportunity to lock his arms around the other's neck.

He was about to kiss him again as Shinji suddenly began coughing. Akihiko pulled him down carefully so that he could support his weight, letting him sink onto his chest.

"I fuckin' hate you.", Shinjiro said when his breathing was back to normal, still lying on top of Akihiko.

Akihiko smiled and pulled the covers over them. Closing his arms around Shinji's back he shut his eyes. He began to drift off to sleep, all the thoughts and anger about Shinji and the worry about his condition forgotten. But he was awoken yet again as a voice mumbled into his ear, sluggish from sleep:

"I didn't want you to grieve for me, Aki."